

A SHREWD WOMAN PICKPOCKET.

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HOW SHE TRIED TO DIVERT A DETECTIVE'S ATTENTION FROM HER WHILE SHE ROBBED SHOPTERS.

A woman calling herself Annie Kumpf, twenty years old, who said she lived in Brooklyn, but declined to say on what street or avenue, attired in a natty bicycle costume, was remanded in Yorkville Court yesterday by Magistrate Flammer on a charge of picking pockets.

She went to Bloomingdale's store, at No. 1,000 Third-ave., on her wheel on Saturday afternoon last. Tripping up to Private Detective George Ostreicher she murmured:

"Aren't you the detective here?"

Knaps and being grags. The larger part of the Knappe Verein members and their followers took possession of the eastern side of the meadow, as the speaker approached the scene from that direction. On the western part there were some fifteen or twenty men, who did not look as if they were perishing for the need of any physical remedy: a couple of boys enjoying the wet grass to the full in bare legs and knickerbockers, and one gray-haired woman, plainly dressed, and with a wig and a cane, who had taken off her shoes and, in her own hand, as did most of her companions, and trudge back and forth over the width of the lawn with evident faith in the power of the remedy she was trying. She declared that she had suffered from divers ailments for a long time, and had even had to seek treatment to rid her of the effects of the drugs she had taken, but that she was now working wonders for her. Armed with an umbrella, she faced the rain, which began shortly after 6 o'clock and kept on with dismal persistence till after 8, when the privilege for the morning comes to an end.

Some of the older men loitered leisurely about, quite willing to be cured if the necessary effort did not prove too great a tax on their powers, but most of the others, men and women, covered the meadows in extensive circuits. Two of the young fellows thought the grass so thorough a cure that they resolved to get as much of it as possible, and lay down in it for five or ten minutes with their trousers pulled up.

A party of four young girls attracted some attention at the east end of the meadow, where there were seven or eight women in all, by their good looks and pretty dresses. Three of them tried the cure, and tripped energetically through the grass, laughing and chatting, but evidently there for a purpose, while their more timid or less credulous friend guarded their shoes and stockings on a big

back near by. They were well protected by umbrellas and spent not far from half an hour on the lawn. Most of those who took the remedy stayed for thirty or forty minutes. Some came to the scene with an evident intention to give the new cure a trial, but were deterred by the rain, and made off without doing so. One of the visitors on the western lawn seemed to be filled with enthusiasm. He asked the speaker to give him the remedy, tried to urge some of the bystanders to join in the procession. As a veteran of the Knapp cure ranks left the meadow, after having finished his morning's work, he asked the speaker to give him the remedy, and well enough to try it in this weather, but just wait till the winter time, and see if you'll do it then, as I do."

During the hearing, the visitors were well dressed,

probably the belief that it was Sunday had something to do with it, and kept good order. The Lexington has a large number of people who are evidently increasing in this city. Charles Brown, who lives in One-hundred-and-seventeenth, near Lexington, has been here a few days, and it has improved his health to the 100 per cent. Herman Albert, of No. 245 South Main, has been here a few days, and he has recovered his cure out of curiosity yesterday. He had a shaggy black Newfoundland dog with him, and he told the dog to go and get the cure. The dog did not go, but he did not the dog professed to have received any benefit from the cure yet.

Stratton Higgins, of the Central Park force, told a Tribune reporter yesterday that he noticed a man trying the cure and asked him to stop. The man told him that he was a doctor, and the patrolman stopped him and asked what he meant by trespassing on the lawn. He answered that he was a doctor, and that he was there to give the cure. The patrolman was effective enough.

The Knedro Verein No. 1, which has started the cure here, through the permission obtained by Mr. Charles, the president, meets on Thursdays at the Congregational Church, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth sts. The meetings of the Verein, which includes women among its members, often bring out an attendance of fifty or sixty.

DEATH—IN IRONMASTER AND ARTIST.

Sewall Gilliam, manager of the art department of "Judge," died on Saturday last, at 425 p. m., at his home, No. 25 South Seventh-ave., Mount Vernon. Mr. Gilliam had been ill for five weeks and had been greatly weakened by the excessive heat, but the primary cause of his death is believed to be grippe.

Mr. Gilliam, the famous cartoonist of "Judge," with whom he was associated in the affairs of that publication, Bernard Gilliam died in January last, and the father had since then been incapacitated. A short funeral service will be held at the home to-morrow afternoon, at 2 p. m., by the Rev. J. W. H. Smith, Congregationalist minister and life-long friend of Mr. Gilliam, after which the body will be taken to Fresh Pond, Long Island, and cremated.

Mr. Gilliam was born in Embley, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, in 1828. He received a common-school education, and afterward became a civil engineer, surveyor and expert mechanic and ironmaster. He accumulated a small fortune,

With which he embarked in the iron business in Yorkshire, but a financial panic ruined him and he was obliged to sell his foundries. He then accepted the place of manager of the great iron works of Sir Bernard Samuelson, in Oxfordshire, which he retained for thirteen years. During Mr. Gillam's connection with the iron business he invented a number of mechanical devices, for which he received gold medals from several of the expositions in America and Europe. Among these were oscillating knives, now in use on binders and

owers, and improvements on the lawn mower. When the idea of building the large steamship the Great Eastern was first broached Mr. Gillingham's assistance was sought, and he was intrusted with the selection of every pound of iron that went into the famous vessel. Bernard Gillingham, the carpenter of his father, was at the time working at the Samuelson Iron Works, and was named in honor of Sir Bernard, who had just been elected through the efforts of Mr. Gillingham to the office of Lord Mayor of London. He came to America in 1868, and accepted a place with Calman & Co., in Portland, New York, where he remained until he was called to the position of Government officer in the Treasury in Philadelphia, from which he was recalled four years ago to assist his son Bernard on his return to England.

It must not be assumed that Mr. Gillingham was a connoisseur of art. He had been an artist from his boyhood, and he was a member of the Royal Academy of Art. He was the author of a valuable Biblical picture, which is hung in the

Cathedral near his native home. In later years he taught his sons and daughters the same moral instructions from any college they stand in the highest rank of the profession. Victor Gilling is now a cartoonist on "Judge," and the home is still brightened by the pictures and exquisite hand-painted sketches as testimonials of hereditary genius and efficient training. As manager of the art department of "Judge," Mr. Gilling has in charge of all the illustrations, and also the sketches for the weekly white work and social sketches. He was kind and agreeable to those associated with him and will be remembered for his generous traits of character. He was a native of England, where he was born in Whitfield, England, who, with four daughters and one son, survive him. The children are Victor Gilling and Laura and Mary Gilling, who live in New York City, and a daughter, who lives in

Mrs. R. Henry, of Los Angeles, Cal.

DIED FROM HER INJURIES.

 Kate Sheridan, the young woman found at the
 second-ave. bridge of the Harlem River on Thurs-
 day night last, bleeding from a wound in the head,
 died yesterday afternoon at the Fordham Hospital.
 Coroner Dobbs was notified early yesterday after-
 noon that the young woman was dying, but de-
 layed the presence at the hospital was unne-
 cessary, owing to her unconscious condition.

A NEWSBOY'S FATAL FALL.

 A young boy, about seven years old, while playing

Max Greenstern, eleven years old, while playing on the roof of his home at No. 203 Forsyth-st. yesterday morning, fell down four stories and was instantly killed. The lad, with his mother, a widow, sold newspapers at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, and their earnings supported them and two little girls, daughters of Mrs. Greenstern. The mother was away when the accident occurred, and was prostrated when she returned and learned of it.

On being assured that such was the case, Miss Kumpf, in low, confidential tones, said:

"Do you see that young woman in a blue waist over by the jewelry counter?"

Oestreicher admitted that he saw the woman.

"Well, she has just stolen two gold stick-pins. I stood close beside her and saw her do it. I think you should keep an eye on her," and she smiled sweetly upon the detective.

"I am quite grateful to you," replied Oestreicher. "I will look out for the woman and keep an eye on

He kept an eye upon the young woman in blue. While Miss Kumpf tripped away, chuckling, to think Miss Kumpf had had hoodwinked the detective, so that she had been full of seeing herself, Oestreicher had recognized Miss Kumpf, the maid who entered the store as a noted pickpocket, whose picture in the *Hornet's* Gallery is No. 2,772. So, while one eye was on the "blue waist" the other eye was by no means idle. The detective saw Miss Kumpf approach the linen counter, mingle with the crowd congregated there, and in less than a minute she had taken a purse from the pocket of Mrs. Zeimer, a customer who lives at Sixty-fourth-st. and Lexington-ave.

As the girl moved away Oestreichler walked up to Mrs. Zeimer and asked if she had lost anything. She put her hands to her side and said her pocket-book was gone. "Wait here," said the detective, "and I will try to recover it."

He walked over to where Miss Kumpf was taking mental notes of another party of women. He asked her to accompany him. She readily acquiesced, and he led her to where Mrs. Zeimer was waiting. Miss Kumpf still carried the pocket-book in her hand, and it was identified by Mrs. Zeimer as her property. Oestreichler then told Miss

"What are you going to do with me now?" asked the prisoner.

"I'm going to lock you up, and then I'm coming back to watch the blue waltz."

At this Miss Kumpf laughed heartily and said:

"Well, you are a shrewd one, I must say."

"Yes, well, you are a shrewd one, too," said the East Sixty-sixth-st. station house officer at night. When she was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday afternoon, the court said Mrs. Zeimer would not be able to appear, and the court was adjourned.

At this Special Detectives Farley and Campbell, of the East Sixty-sixth-st. station, stepped up to the desk and said:

"The woman who was arrested at the Yorkville station Bureau, had been looking for the Kumpf woman for a long time. There are four complainants who..."

The woman has quite a record. She was first arrested about five years ago in Sixth-ave. by Detectives O'Brien and McCauley for picking up a man and taking him to her room. She was sentenced for twelve months at that time. She was recently sent two years in New-Jersey, one year in Auburn and two months in the Kings County Penitentiary. Farley said one of the complainants had identified the woman in a photograph. He intends placing her with other women in the House of Correction, to hope that she will be fully identified by all the complainants. Magistrate Flammer remanded her in

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY FOR THE FAMILY OF
WALKER B. ADAMS AND A TESTIMONIAL

FOR THE COURAGEOUS SON.

Representatives of the families living in the northern part of Westchester County and of Putnam County met at the hall in Belford Station on Saturday, August 29, at 4 o'clock p. m. W. H. Robertson and John B. Day were made permanent and temporary secretaries. The chairman, Mr. Robertson, presiding, which was "to give formal expression of regret at the sudden death of our respected citizen and neighbor, Walker B. Adams, who was ruthlessly shot down by a midnight assassin on the 19th inst., as well as to give expression of approval and admiration for the courage shown at that occasion by his wife, Mrs. W. B. Adams, and her two brave and faithful sons, William and John B. Adams, and to express sympathy with the family in their bereavement."

The chairman appointed as a committee to draft

"Whereas, At Bedford Station, New-York, on the night of August 19, 1896, our esteemed friend and townsman, Walker B. Adams, in the fortifiable de-

"Resolved, That we hereby give public expression to our high appreciation of his worth to the community as a useful citizen, an honorable merchant and an efficient member of the community, and that we as officers of the town be won the respect and confidence of all political parties by his exact and careful methods. In the conduct of his business as a merchant he earned the good will and esteem of all who had transacted with him by his untiring courtesy, his uniform integrity and his open liberality. In his walk as a Christian he endeavored to make his daily life conform to the high standard of his creed. His life was a precious gift to the community, which mankind treasure. He was a generous, digni-

Director of the rights of society. We tender to his bereaved widow and family our sincere sympathy and commend them to His care whose never failing providence ordereth all things in Heaven and earth.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be properly

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote without debate. The Rev. Mr. Lugner then read the following:

Whereas, on the night of August 19, 1896, when Walker B. Adams was mortally wounded by armed thieves who were entering his store, his son, William B. Adams, by his brave conduct frustrated their nefarious intention,

Resolved, That we hereby give public expression

our admiration of the resolute courage and cool nerve displayed by William B. Adams during the fight with the fast, fat, and ferocious, one-handed and under fire from unseen weapons, he wounded two of the ruffians and seized the third as a prisoner. He then turned to the other citizens for thus breaking up a dangerous gang of outlaws, who were making crime a profession, and saving the city from the evil consequences so often encountered. When his life was threatened he valiantly fought in self-defence against heavy odds which would have intimidated many. The example he set was followed by a number of his fellow-citizens, other young men to show like courage and nerve under similar circumstances and to deter thieves

Resolved, at these resolutions be properly entered, signed by the chairman and secretary of the Grand Lodge, and by all members present; and that they be also published in the city and local papers:

Whereupon the above, Colonel E. L. M. Ehlers, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. Masons of the State of New-York, a summer resident of the City of New-York, said:

Mr. Chairman: We do not fully appreciate the sterling manhood of William Adams. The Rev. Dr. Williams has just said that he would emphasize the fact that in this contest with the assassins our brave hero was compelled to battle alone, and disciplined to arms quite frequently well before a hidden enemy, but this fearless boy, seeing his father fall, did not falter, but rather displayed abundant fortitude, and with a courage equal to that of any hero, met that duty.

And now, gentlemen, I commend him to your admiration and com-

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FANCY BAZAAR FORTUNE-TELLING.
"So I'm to marry a fair lady, and have a carriage and pair! Well, I've just got married, but I haven't got a carriage. What kind of a one do you think it will be? A bicycle made for two?"
"Perhaps it will be a double perambulator!"—
(Punch.)

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